

Morning Telegram.

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As exchange reports a dark plot to assassinate Grover Cleveland. Some of his pretended friends in Richmond have sent him a twelve-pound slice of plum pudding.

HAVING discovered that the fraudulent attempt to seat Brand in the Illinois Legislature is a failure, the Iroquois Club and other Democrats have set about denouncing it. They have no sympathy with any fraud that fails.

THE Toledo Commercial Telegram thinks it singular that no person has ventured to suggest "our Frank" for a Cabinet position. After the fourth of March he will be at leisure and perhaps could be induced to help the new concern out.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Baltimore Sun called on Pope Leo XIII the other day and had a serious time answering the hard questions His Holiness asked about Grover Cleveland. The correspondent was amazed at the Pope's knowledge of local matters in New York State. It is a little embarrassing to have all sorts of questions asked about Cleveland's family affairs and his intimacy with such men as Beecher.

For the position of President pro tem of the next State Senate Senator Austin, of Calhoun, has been mentioned. No better selection can be made. Senator Austin possesses eminent and superior qualifications for the place. His knowledge of parliamentary law and usages and of legislative business is thorough. As Mayor of Battle Creek, member of the House of Representatives in 1881 and State Senator in the Legislature of 1883 he has acquitted himself with credit and had experience which will prove of great value. He is a gentleman in every sense of the word. To know him is to esteem him as a man and prize him as a friend. He is a Republican tried and true and worthy of any favor which the party may have to bestow.

THE NEW YORK WORLD unconsciously pays a considerable tribute to the Republican party. In a leading article under the heading "A Splendid Spectacle," that journal points to the "magnificent illustration" of the "good sense and patriotism of our people" to be seen in the peaceful submission of the people to the results of so close a contest. Most certainly the Democrats would peacefully submit to a decision in their favor, but the incendiary address of the chairman of the Democratic committee, at a time when the result was in doubt, shows that it is very ill becomes the Democrats to appropriate any of the credit for peaceful submission. "All honor to the young nation," says the World, "to the Republican party," say we, "which holds up before the eyes of the world the proof of the capacity of the people to govern themselves without king or crown, without a nobility, standing armies or Krupp guns, but solely through love of Law and Liberty—by intelligence and patriotism."

THE NEW YORK SENATORSHIP.
The politics of New York State is always an important element in National politics. Just now the particular phase of New York politics in which the people of other States are interested is the forecast of the United States Senatorship from that State. The difficulty in arriving at a satisfactory prediction as to who shall be the successor of Senator Conkling's successor arises in a great measure from uncertainty regarding the attitude of leading politicians formerly identified with the Stalwart faction. That faction has now become badly broken up. Three years ago the gentlemen composing it were a unit. Then, the announcement that Chester A. Arthur was a candidate would have settled every question of preference with Thomas C. Platt, ex-Governor Cornell, James D. Warren, Silas B. Dutcher, with the Albany Express, the New York Commercial Advertiser and the Troy Times, and with other leading Stalwarts and Stalwart papers. Now, however, these men and these journals have disintegrated. Some of them during the recent campaign most zealously supported Mr. Blaine, who was the Stalwart chief's most bitter enemy, while others were indifferent or openly supported the Democratic candidate. At the time of the great Senatorial contest Vice President Arthur went to Albany to help on the cause of Conkling and Platt. At the Chicago convention Mr. Platt was an ardent supporter of Mr. Blaine's candidacy and the one man with whom to-day he has no dealings is President Arthur. Mr. Platt has a considerable influence in New York politics and will, without doubt, control the action of several members of the Legislature when the Senatorial caucus shall meet, their votes will undoubtedly be cast for some one besides Mr. Arthur. Just now, Levi F.

Morton's friends are encouraging that gentleman to hope that he enjoys Mr. Platt's preferences, while at the same time some of Mr. Arthur's friends are only waiting to be certain that the President's chances are gone to come over to the Morton forces. But while Mr. Morton may appear to have the lead there is a large field for him to run against. While the chances of his success, look at present, the most probable, no man can tell what the outcome will be.

CURRENT COMMENT.

Davenport Gazette: Color blindness does not exist in the South. The slightest shade is there detected, and the proper political distinction drawn on it.

Philadelphia Record: The moss on the back of the Western Democrats is more'n four inches long. This sign indicates a very cold winter for the Republican office-holders.

Buffalo Courier (Dem.) We second the protest of the Express against the absurd proposition to make an inauguration procession by sandwiching together battalions of Union and rebel veterans. We bear no malice against the rebel soldiers, for no better or braver men ever trod a battle-field; but they fought in a bad cause and were happily beaten.

Baltimore American: A sight worth seeing would be the countenance of the Hon. Mr. Holman when he reads in the New York Sun the following lines: "This practice of printing the portraits of public men and making them uglier than they are should not be encouraged. It is reprehensible." The attitude of this gall is nineteen feet above that of the Washington monument.

Philadelphia Record: There is a bill before Congress to place General Grant on the retired list of the regular army with the rank which he held before he resigned to become President of the United States, and with the pay of a full general. The bill would be a more graceful recognition of the great services of General Grant than the pension recommended by President Arthur. But either way rather than none.

A RUNAWAY BOY.

The Cave in Which a Missing Yankee Lad Was Found Secreted.

[Waltham (Mass.) Special.]
A lad thirteen years old, named Fred James Kimball, of Boston Highlands, was found the other day secreted in a cave in what is known as the Chemistry district. It appears the lad has an inveterate habit of running away from his home, which he says is caused by the cruelty of his parents. Recently he has run away twice. The first time he went to Waltham, where he remained at the house of a friend or acquaintance until the latter, feeling suspicious that all was not right, sent him home again. His mother then spoke of sending him to the island, there to remain until he was twenty-one years old. The next day he disappeared, and was not seen until this morning by those on the lookout for him. He was then discovered by an agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The lad had been sleeping for the past week or more in a cave, about five or six feet in diameter and two or three feet deep, a sort of hole in the ground, covered with an old zinc-plate and other material. He was supplied with food by the boys of the neighborhood, who became interested in his youthful escapade and romantic life. When found there was a keg partly filled with apples and potatoes, and several other articles of no special use or value. For light he used candles, several short pieces of which were found. He evidently has not suffered from exposure, as the weather has been mild. He appears to be a bright lad, and evidently knows what he is about. His father is James Fred Kimball, a Boston Highlands jeweler. Word will be sent to his parents, and the boy will be properly disposed of.

MR. SITTING BULL.

How Belligerent Aborigines Are Pacified—Ice Cream as a Peace-Maker.

[Philadelphia Times.]
"Here's a telegram for Mr. Sitting Bull," said a Western Union messenger boy, as he rushed into the Continental Hotel office yesterday afternoon.

"He left early this morning," replied Chief Clerk Hughes. "But let me see perhaps it is something I can attend to."

The envelope was quickly torn open. It read: BALTIMORE, Md., Oct. 19.—Everything O. K. Will have five quarts in freezer at station.

J. BULLWINKLE, Per D.
Chief Clerk Hughes laughed as he handed the open telegram to his friend to read, with the query:

"Can you make it out?"
"No; what does it mean?"

"Simply that there is rebellion in the tribe. Either Long Dog or Grey Eagle is on the war-path, and the crafty chief has taken measures to quell the outbreak."

"How?"

"With five quarts of ice-cream. I will let you into a little bit of unwritten history. The unlettered savage loves ice-cream. Long Dog ate three quarts a day, and a watchful eye had to be kept upon him while the rest of the tribes indulged in their allowance. Many a night Sitting Bull would pace the corridor anxiously with his weather eye upon Long Dog's door. But to explain the message, I suppose there was an incident outbreak at their departure, and old Sitting Bull, with the strategy of a Von Moltke, has telegraphed ahead for cream."

An Elephant in a Green-Room.

[Albany Journal.]
Forepaugh's clown elephant Pickaninny fell through the stage at a variety theater in Philadelphia the other night, landing in the green-room, where a number of actors were congregated awaiting their turn to appear. They included an Irish gentleman with red artificial whiskers, four men with burnt-cork faces, a dashing young woman in white satin, and several other curiosities, and the way they made for the doors and windows indicated a sincere belief on their part that the world was coming to an end. The elephant roared with pain, but he was finally pulled out and taken up-stairs to the stage, and, as an elephant expert said that the animal's ears and brain were not serious, the beast was put through his performance as usual. The trainer, in rehearsing the beast in a conversation between performances, had allowed him to roll upon a weak trap, which gave way and the playful little proboscidean went back over head down below.

A GOD DETHRONED.

Outliving His Usefulness a Chinese Joss is Deposed.

The High Priest Hits Him With a Club and Knocks "Him Into the Fire"—A Summary Method of Disposal of a Useless Deity.

[S. F. Cor. Philadelphia Press.]

It is a well known fact that among those who are acquainted with the character of the Chinese that a Mongolian is of a very treacherous nature and on all occasions will bear watching. This treachery is not only noticeable among the poorer classes of the race, but it extends into the circle of their priests and oftentimes marks their most solemn religious festivals.

A case of this character took place in Chinatown, San Francisco, a few nights since, when one of the Chinese societies lured one of their many gods to the fatal board, and there destroyed him in a most ignominious manner.

It appears that one of the spirits in the Joss House had been a source of great annoyance for a year past, and he was continually bringing the members of the society into trouble, so it was resolved that he should be summarily destroyed. Of course the incantation of the evil one was a hazardous undertaking and could only be successfully carried out by treachery and strategy combined. Preparations for destroying him had been going on for two days previous to the very night the evil spirit was doomed to meet his destruction.

The night was one most suited for the carrying out of the treacherous work. A chilly fog had rolled in from the ocean, and the wind sighed mournfully around the rookeries in the Chinese quarter. The light of the moon was obscured by the heavy fog, and all without was bleak and dreary. About eight o'clock the members of the society formed in a procession headed by the priests and marched out from the temple. A hideous image representing the evil spirit was borne in the procession by attendants, and by their side was a number of Mongols carrying braziers of lighted coal. The musicians, mock mandarins and lantern bearers followed in the rear of the image and rendered their selections with telling effect on the nerves of the few white people who were in attendance, notwithstanding the inclemency of the night.

The procession marched through the alleys and by-ways in Chinatown, and at various points along the route punks and candles were lighted and placed by the sidewalk, and mock money was consumed in the braziers.

While the services were being carried on in the temple the image was left in a hall-way sitting on a throne. His right hand was uplifted, signifying that he would strike down the members of the society who were planning his death, were it not for the intervention of the Great Joss. A dozen circular paper frames, in which were placed lighted tapers, were standing in front of the doomed image, showing the twelve lesser spirits who were powerless to help them, inasmuch as he was powerless to help himself, and on a table about a half dozen feet away from the evil one was an assortment of nuts, candies and confectionery and a piece of pastry consisting of three hands extending from one wrist.

The hands represented the benign power by which the good people were protected from the vengeance of the evil spirit, who, by this time, was supposed to be chafing at his power of revenging himself having been taken away from him. An attempt to conciliate him was made by placing a bounteous repast of the choice morsels in front of him, and when the high priest and his assistants had concluded their services before the Great Joss, they gave the evil spirit their attention.

The image was carried out on his throne and placed at the head of the banquet table. The banquet was commenced, and when it was at its height, one of the priests ignited a bonfire, and in a few minutes the street was in a blaze for a distance of about thirty feet. When the fire was at its height the high priest cautiously emerged from the temple, and crept up behind the unsuspecting guest, who had been lured to the banquet table to be assassinated.

The priest drew a club from under the folds of his garb, and held it aloft in the air awaiting the signal to destroy the spirit. The priests were all eyeing their bows, when a clang on the gongs announced that the opportune moment had arrived. The high priest struck the image with the club and knocked it into the fire, and in a moment it was in a blaze. His throne then followed him and it was destroyed. Then the high priest sprinkled water on the ashes, and musicians burst forth in an ear-piercing strain and the priests cried forth in tones of joy. Thus it was that the evil one was treated. The priests returned to the temple and informed the Great Joss of the success of the scheme, and thanked him for having prevented the evil one from being able to protect himself against their wiles. The Celestial spectators took their departure for their dens and in a short time were unconscious from opium smoking.

"Everything in Luck."

[Globe (A. T.) Chronicle.]

The history of some of our most valuable mining discoveries is plain and unvarnished enough. It is with richness as with greatness. Some are born to greatness, some acquire greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them, while others never have it from any cause. A man, living on a wood ranch in the Santa Ritas for three years, last Sunday was sitting down with five companions on the hard ground discoursing on the respective qualifications of the Presidential candidates, or perhaps the probabilities of the "boom" ever finding them out in the wilderness. One of the party carelessly picked up a piece of rock, saying: "I wonder what this is, anyway," and threw it on the ground. The rock broke to pieces and was found to be rich in horn silver, \$25,000 to the ton. The ledge was prospected for and found and the find located. The ore will be shipped to Pueblo, Col. Such is life in the Far West.

Great Onion Beds.

[N. Y. Tribune.]

A few years ago what is now the great onion tract of Chester, in Orange County, N. Y., was a worthless piece of land. Two days it would bring \$1,000 an acre. Last season on these meadows 100,000 bushels of onions were grown, which were sold for more than \$125,000. This season's crop will be even larger. There are no other equally large onion tracts in the country.

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1884.

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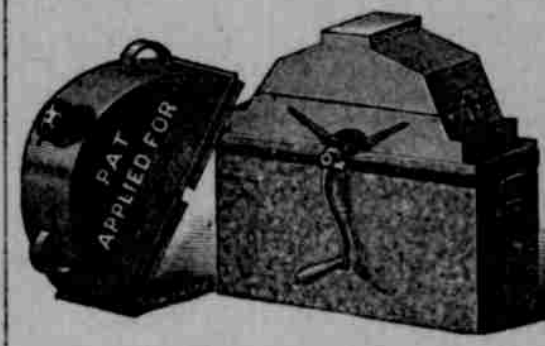
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A few prices on specialties which we must close out this week, Read them before passing on. It will pay you:

Ladies Curacao Kid Button Shoes	1.25 & 1.50
" " " " (Fine Style)	1.50 & 1.75
" " " " (Opera Toes)	2.00
Fine Curacao Kid Button Shoes (all styles)	2.50
Beeble Coat (all styles)	1.50
Grain Button Shoes (solid)	1.00
all Calf (solid)	1.25
Embroidered Opera slippers, 5 Styles	.75
Fine Kid Opera slippers, 6 styles	1.00

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